



Spiers, Harry
A souvenir of the
village of Meadowvale-on-
the-Credit

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A SOUVENIR
— OF THE VILLAGE OF —
MEADOWVALE-ON-THE-CREDIT.

(1904)



THE COTTAGE BY THE MILL RACE.

DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED BY —

H. SPIERS, O. S. A.

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Souvenir of Meadowvale.

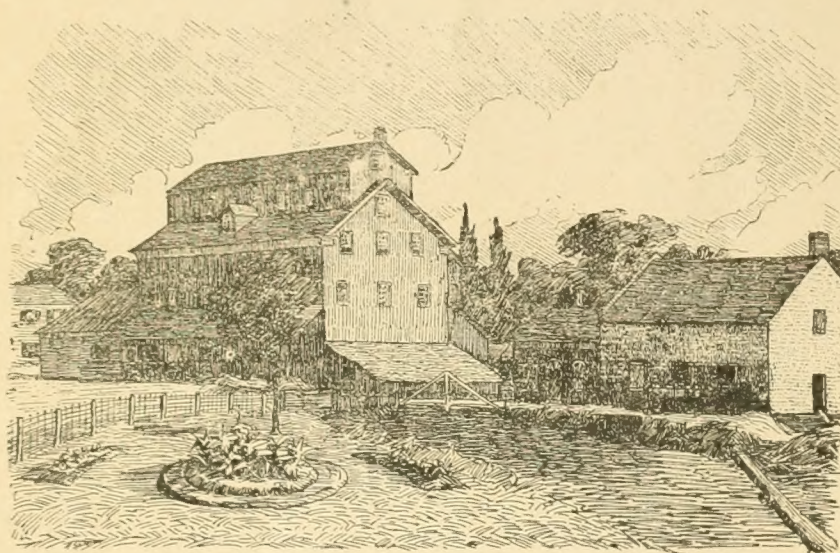
SOUVENIR.

IN getting at the facts for this Illustrated Souvenir of Meadowvale the editor has been greatly assisted by Miss M. B. Trevarrow, Mr. Frank Sibbald and Mr. Samuel Pearson. It is also worth stating that unless a majority of the residents had agreed to have their places put in, thus helping in the financial outlay, it would have been impossible to publish it at all. Hoping it will prove not only interesting as a memento to its own people, but also become a source of entertainment to visitors and others, we thus present it to you.

and massive and serviceable barns for their stock. But with all their previous success there is still no stopping, the seasons as they come and go call for work, and there is ever a pressing onward to some future day, when perhaps, fortune's sunny smile may ease down the burden of toil and one may rest as it were on their oars, and take a retrospective view of their life's work, and even if all has not been accomplished as desired, their duty done in the field into which they are called to work will always be to them, like an ever-flowing stream, a continued source of satisfaction.

the early settlers, there was very little sign of the busy life as it appears in the hamlet today.

When one thinks of the mail train morning and night, the Toronto daily papers, with their busy mills running and a host of industrious villagers, it is hard to imagine that the road, which is now the main thoroughfare leading to the station was but a narrow track thru the woods, and the greater part of it built of logs to keep one from sinking in the mire; even fences were not deemed necessary. The land at this time, on either side of the road between where the Methodist church



MEADOWVALE MILLS, OWNED AND RUN BY H. A. BROWN.

A Summary.

The picturesque village of Meadowvale is situated on the Credit River, five miles from Brampton, in the county of Peel, province of Ontario.

In its immediate neighborhood are to be found some of the finest farms in the county, and, as a result of which, those who guide the plow, harvest the crops and dispose of their grain, as a reward of years of toil and industry, have accumulated enough of this world's goods to build substantial homes for themselves,

Early History of Meadowvale.

In looking up the records of the village, we find its history traces back to the year 1836, when the Credit River was wending its silent way thru a sea of trackless forest, on either side of which was to be found the very finest pine in that or any other day; it was so plentiful that it was actually cut into planks to become a roadbed for the principal thoroughfares of that time, and outside of a few log houses, built by

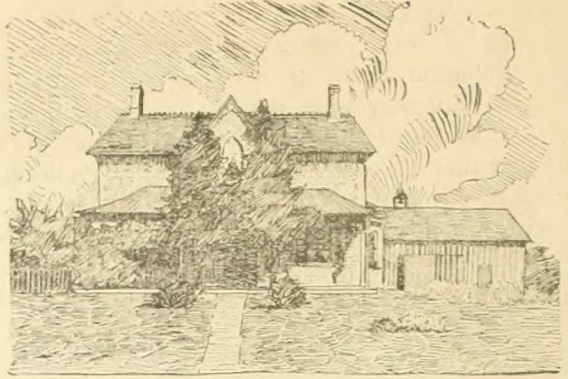
stands and the C. P. R., was owned by a Mr. John Simpson and a Mr. Crawford respectively.

Derry West was the nearest mail accommodation. On Christmas Day, 1849, there was a grand tea-meeting held in a small building that stands where the old cooper shop now stands, out of which emulgated one of the greatest temperance waves that ever swept this district.

The first frame house in Meadowvale was built by a Mr. Crawford, the one now occupied by Mr. Henry



COTTAGE OCCUPIED BY H. SPIERS.



THE GARDNER HOMESTEAD.

Brown. This house was used as a meeting-house by the Wesleyan Methodists after Mr. Silverthorne came into possession of it.

A grist mill was built in 1844, but was burnt down shortly after, and the present mill erected on its site.

Another old landmark is the cottage that is still standing, and until recently occupied by Mr. Richard

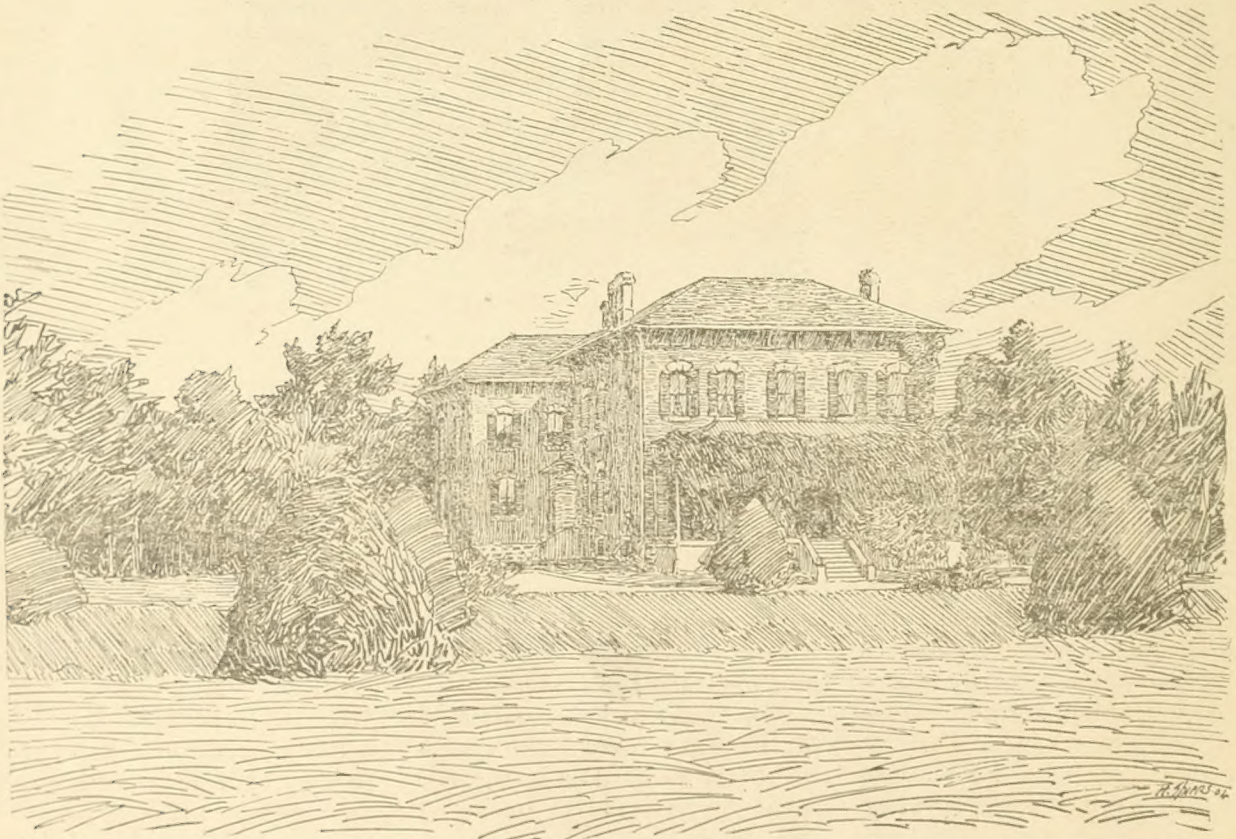
Hill, then in possession of a family by the name of Idle.

The first store was erected in 1848 by James Ward, about where Mr. Lambe's house now stands.

In 1851 a schoolhouse was built, the location being the cottage until recently inhabited by the late Mrs. Rankin. The present schoolhouse dates from 1874. This was also

used as a meeting-house by the religious enthusiasts of that day, until 1863, when the present church was dedicated.

Now we will glance for a moment at the business growth of the village. Somewhere about 60 years ago, a Mr. Silverthorne erected a saw-mill, now done away with, and the grist mill now standing. The present



THE RESIDENCE OF W. WATT.

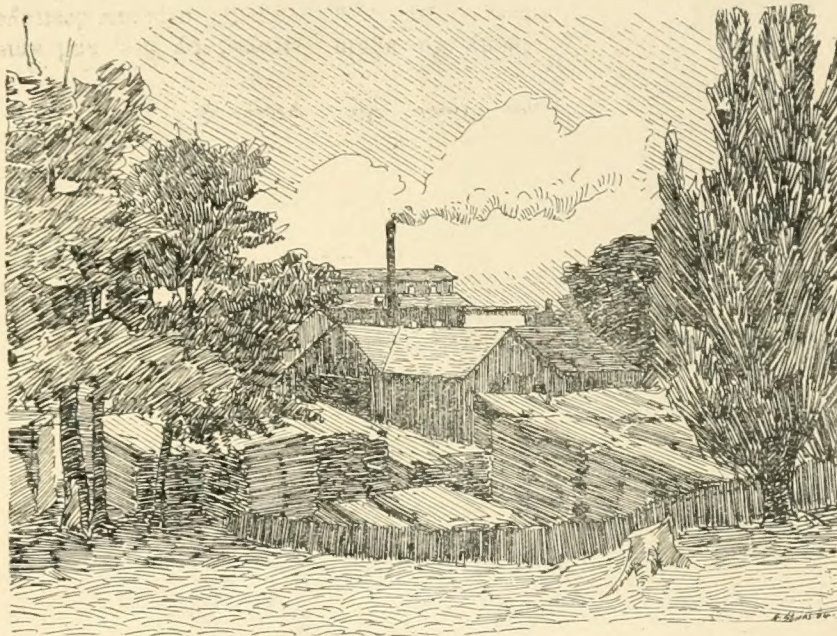
store was also built by him some few years later. He continued the running of these enterprises, with Mr. Robinson Small as his book-keeper, until they were taken over by Mr. W. Gooderham about 1864. At that time it was no uncommon thing to see teams waiting by the dozens to unload their grain, the mill running night and day. The store also employed a considerable number of hands under the management of Mr. Sutcliffe. At that time also a large trade was done in millinery and tailor-made goods, but with the advent of the railway ten years

The hotel was built by Matthew Laidlaw over 50 years ago, who eventually rented it to one Moses Strong; 35 years ago it belonged to Joseph Kearney, then C. Rutledge, from whom it passed to a Mr. Loughheed, later coming into the possession of Mr. Frank Sibbald who leased it to one Ephraim Hopkins, it finally being bought by its present owner, John Callaghan.

After Matthew Laidlaw left the hotel he kept a store, where Mr. Lamb's house now stands. After closing it for a few years, it was taken over by Frank Sibbald for two

In 1868, another saw mill was erected where the present one now stands by one John a Dab Hardy, who ran it a number of years, until he thought it had outgrown its usefulness, so he sold out to Thomas O'Shaughnessy, who also after running it another 10 years, saw its finish, so he sold out to Frank Sibbald, who, in taking over the store as aforementioned, disposed of it to the present owner, Mr. Lamb, and its still worthy of notice that logs are still coming to the mill and the end is evidently not yet.

There was also another store back



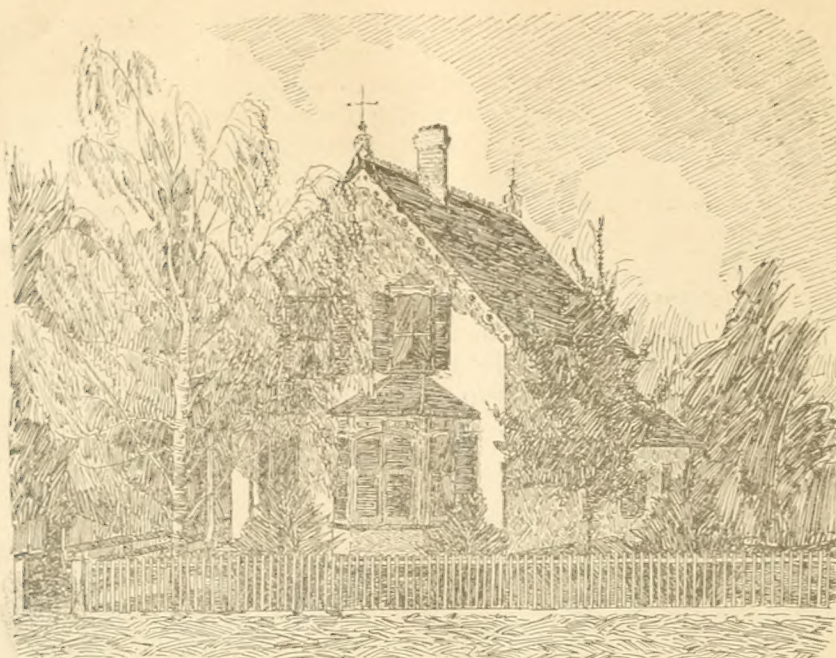
THE SAW-MILL OWNED AND RUN BY A. S. LAMB.

after, these boom times disappeared and the village never has nor is ever likely to again see such busy times. In 1853, an iron foundry was built by Horatio and Hughie Johnson. This was situated where the Trueman house now stands. They manufactured mowers and reapers, employing some 15 to 20 hands. That they turned out first-class work can be judged by the fact they carried off the first prize for two years at the Provincial Fair.

years; after that John Wills ran it, during whose occupancy it was destroyed by fire, and amongst the valuable contents destroyed, was a colony of bees belonging to Mr. W. Couse of Streetsville.

During the period of time that the grist mill, store, etc. were built, a saw mill was also in operation, by Mr. Simpson, situated somewhat on the site of Mr. Jackson's farm buildings, this eventually closing up. The old race being plainly seen today.

in these early years, directly opposite the present one. This was a grocery and liquor store, under the management of W. Elliott, and after changing hands to a Mr. Campbell, was mysteriously burnt down. J. D. Orr's blacksmith shop now occupies its site. During the time of the boom the cooper shop and foundry employed a considerable number of hands, and cottages were erected for them, adjacent and running parallel to J. D. Orr's house, most of which have since disappeared.



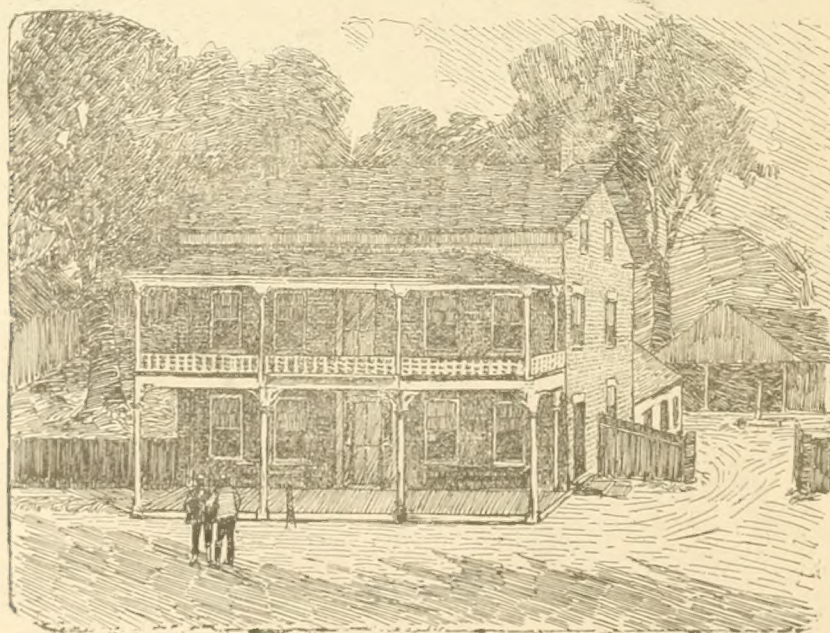
RESIDENCE OF R. GOLDEN.

The first postmaster of Meadowvale was Luther Cheyne; the present postmaster, C. W. Switzer, who also owns and runs the store. Mr. Henry Brown came into possession of the mill and neighboring property

some six or seven years ago, and he, together with Mr. Lambe, Mr. Callaghan, Mr. Orr and Mr. Switzer, practically control the volume of business transacted in the village.

Meadowvale To-day.

Turning now to present day affairs a considerable amount of business is done at the different mills, the chopping mill possibly being the



MEADOWVALE HOTEL—J. CALLAGHAN, Proprietor.

busiest of the three. The store trade could vie with any store of its kind in a place three or four times the size. It is conducted well and the variety of goods kept is a surprise to most people.

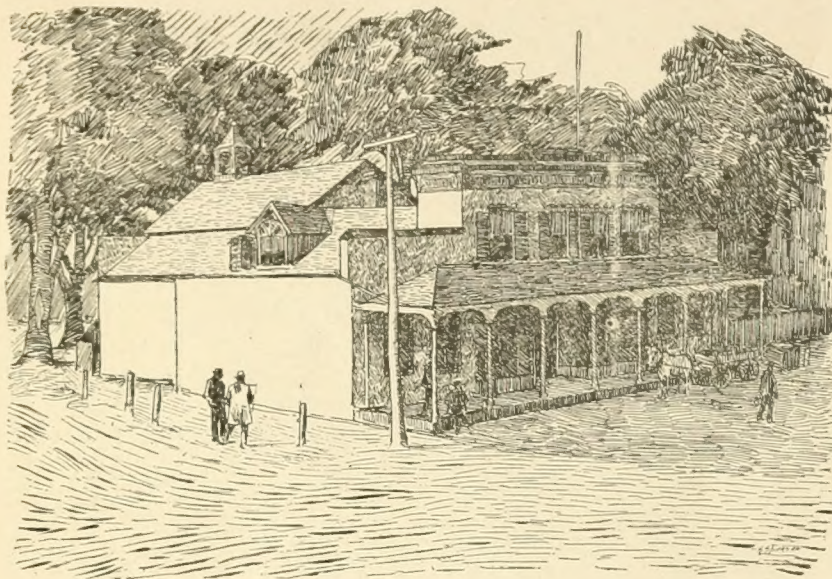
The hotel does a fair transient trade, with also good accommodation for boarders.

Passing from the business section to its immediate surroundings as we find it today.

lowing herds find a cool retreat 'neath drooping willows, or river elms, on the sultry days of summer. Talking of the river reminds one that the old wooden bridge built by Frank Sibbald was washed away about eleven years ago, and the present iron bridge erected.

The C. P. R. passes about one mile from the village, and there is quite a comfortable little station there. Four passenger trains give a

more peaceful and appropriate place for summer boarders than that afforded by Mr. Watt's palatial residence and grounds. This house was originally built by Mr. Gooderham, at a cost of \$30,000. There are plenty of shade trees and a good lawn tennis court. Certain families have made it their headquarters for the summer for a number of years, which shows Mr. Watt looks after his patrons well.



THE STORE OWNED AND RUN BY C. W. SWITZER.

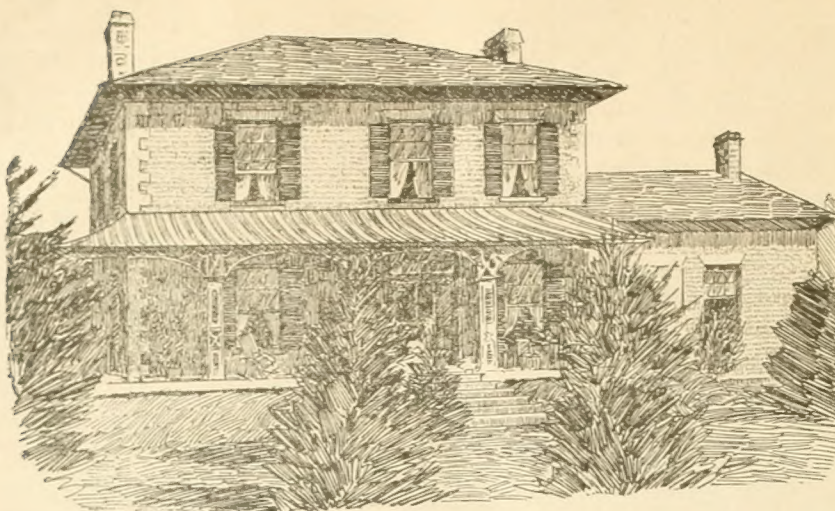
The village, when clothed in summer garb, presents a very artistic appearance. The long row of willows by the mill race and the tall and majestic elms, with here and there a group of solitary pines and poplars, all lend themselves to the general environment, that to say the least, has a pleasing effect. The Credit River continues to wend its winding way, but now thru grassy meadows and fertile flats, where

daily service to and from Toronto which is distant a little over twenty miles.

A Summer Resort.

This little village has also become quite a summer resort, and one might travel a long way to find a

Altho one may not have covered everything of interest in the village pertaining to its past and present record; enough has been said to show that Meadowvale on the Credit which was originally cut out from the pathless forest over sixty-eight years ago, has become an ideal Canadian village, that, take the province all through, it would be hard to beat or even equal.

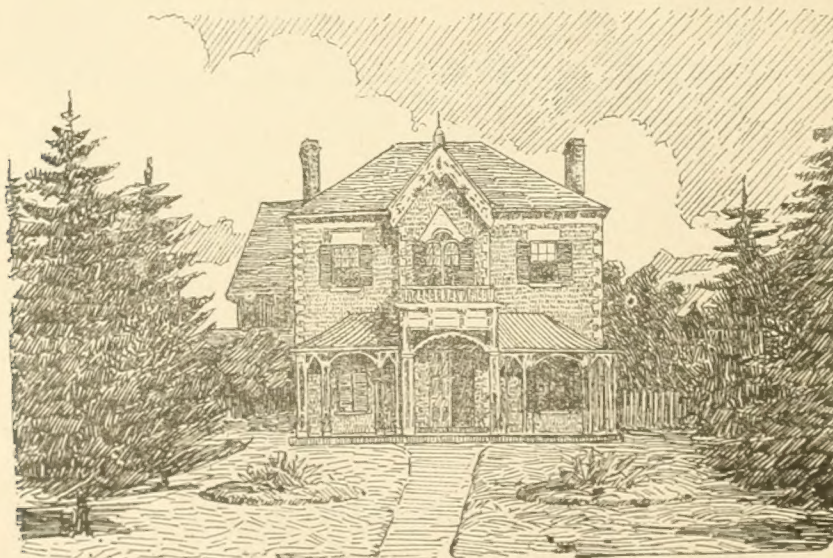


"VALLEY HOME"—RESIDENCE OF S. J. PEARSON.

Present Residents.

List of present residents of Meadowvale and vicinity (name of head of family only given) and hired help:

J. Chamberlain	A. H. Crozier	Mrs. Breadner	J. Laidlaw	E. Steele.	G. Reid
J. J. Callaghan	R. Charlton	T. Davidson	A. S. Lamb	Jas. Steen	F. Haines
W. Caldwell	F. J. Brown	J. Eccles	J. D. Orr	Mrs. Trevarrow	N. Christie
J. Craig	H. A. Brown	W. Farnell	S. J. Pearson	W. Watt	W. Kenny
M. Connaghan	W. Brown	R. Golden	S. Reeves	G. W. Russell	Mrs. Pearson
		W. Gardner	Mrs. Stephens	G. Kane	T. J. Jewitt
		W. Harris	H. Spiers	R. Hayes	J. Grimshaw
		F. Jackson	M. Sclan	F. Mills.	W. McKee
		W. Kearney	C. W. Switzer	J. Trueman	W. C. Brown
		G. Gooderham	F. Sibbald	C. Wilson	R. Cuthbert
		W. McCracken	N. A. Steen,	Nat. Steen, jr.	



THE BROWN HOMESTEAD

Village Life an Emblem of Rest.

The charms of village life are just as apparent and real, as they were at the time Goldsmith wrote his *Deserted Village*, or Longfellow the *Village Blacksmith*. The very fact that such eminent writers as these two alone, and there are many others, caught such inspiration in

having spent their younger days therein, where they were not hampered by busy streets or fenced in lots, still through preference or ambition, have sought the busy town or drank in the throbbing life of the city, or even travelled far afield, are glad of every chance to seek the village home for peace or rest and rejoice to find the same old spots and well known works intact. It brings back to memory their boy-

I long for shadowy fountains,
Where the birds chirp and twitter at noon
From every tree.
I long for blossomed meadows and lawning
herds,
And nature's voices say in mystic words
The green fields wait for thee.



RESIDENCE OF A. S. LAMB.

rural hamlet or country village, ought to serve as a source of satisfaction and enjoyment to all those who, either through force of circumstance or life's opportunity, are privileged to live in such retreats.

A village, as a rule, remains the same, its changes are slight and its growth never noticeable, and altho the inhabitants may think it practically dead on that account, but those

hood or girlhood days, that no city home would ever pretend to supply.

In old countries the village is the home of busy politicians, eminent statesmen and men of letters. The inference is plain. they seek it for rest, and even those who cannot get away from the crowded city can join in with the poet and have an imaginary rest, when he says:

The Coming Storm.

Hark! What is that? A passing freight
over the Credit bridge?
Or a falling tree in yonder bush? No
need to query long,
For a second more and the sound is nearer,
and tells of thunders' passing
roll.
Yet the sky is clear this summer's day,
And some might say, 'the storm will pass
heed not its distant warning.'
You will always note they follow the lake
these storms of the early morning.



THE GOODERHAM HOMESTEAD.

Thunder clouds are creeping up, tho
light as the setting moon,

They make me feel there is something
said: "move on, I must have
room."

Then, again, they are grey, and turning
and boiling, and moving swiftly on
And the dark blue mass of angry cloud is
pressing overhead.

As a flash with a flash and a humming crash
the storm king is marking his route

See! It's centred now over the distant
pines, and its carrying a streak of
dust that shines.

And shows too well old Boreas can tell
who is keeping the elements mov-
ing.

But its color is changed to a yellowing
green, and its angry tone is plainly
seen.

Tho the stillness is somewhat alluring,
its as readily dismissed

By the rattling swish on yonder bush
that shows it brooks no turning.

Nearer and nearer that dull grey line is
hurriedly moving along.

Now the willows are bending almost to
breaking as in its rage it strikes
the pond

But look! The wind that was lagging
is now bursting forth with a visible
cloud of dust,

And as if to make up for the time it had
lost, seems to double its speed as
the roadway is crossed

With a flash and a crack the storm center
he meets, while the rain goes past
us in sheets.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. TREVARROW.

Enterprising Young People of Meadowvale To-day

Altho of a necessity there is a certain limitation to what can be accomplished in a small village, still the young people of the church and school, ably assisted by some of the older members, have made in recent years quite a success of the Reading Circle, meeting on the invitation of certain members, every

a step in advance of the reading circle, in that it opened up room for debating, of which a good many took advantage, and as a paper, called *The Mirror*, was published by the Society, it gave all those who were willing, an opportunity to advance their literary reputations in no small way. The success of these meetings will tend to make everyone look forward to the Society reforming this fall.

shooting trips in this vicinity might be mentioned Thos. O'Shaughnessy, who ran the saw-mill, and a Mr. Griffiths, a saddle maker by trade, who had a shop adjoining Elliott's liquor store, directly opposite the present store. His patrons, they say, used to complain because he left his work to go shooting. Our old friend George Gooderham also accompanied them on these trips, the Caledon mountains being a favorite spot for



THE RABBIT HUNTERS.

—From the Painting by H. Spiers, O. S. A.

two weeks during the winter season. It has proved quite a source, not only of improvement in an educational way, but also gave an evenings' entertainment as well. Last year, the Meadowvale reading circle was the best in the county.

Last season, commencing Oct., 1903, a Literary Society was formed and gave continuous meetings every two weeks, also open meetings for the general public, this being quite

In the Field of Sports

There appears to have been no very great amount of game found in this section of the country even in its earlier days. Still, quail and partridge were plentiful 25 years ago. Mr. Holly Gooderham was fond of hunting and shooting, and during his time considerable game was bagged. Amongst those who accompanied him on these hunts and

rabbit hunting—the big, white fellows. If you ask Mr. Gooderham today he will tell you of an experience he once had up there. It appears he was watching on the outside of a swamp, the other shooters being inside, when the hounds bolted a rabbit right across his path. He took good aim, fired and missed. The rabbit, being more afraid of its foes behind than in front, dashed close by him. Forgetting for the



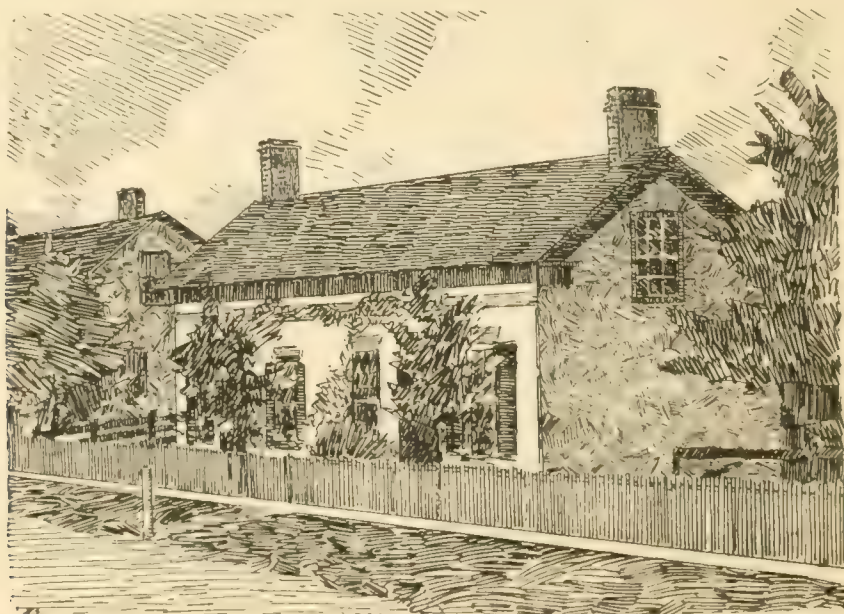
RESIDENCE OF MR. F. HAINES (until recently owned by Mrs. Stevens).
With the Trueman Cottage in the rear.

moment that it was a gun he was handling, he made a vicious lunge at the intrepid quadruped with the muzzle of the gun, but this also failed. Possibly the descendants of that rabbit may be laughing over the incident yet; anyway, it's a risky thing to try to do any clubbing with a gun. Mr. Frank Sibbald will tell you how he used to catch quail in the barn when a boy. At the present time it's a safe guess to say that

it's hardly worth while spending a day in the bush or field on the still hunt for partridge or quail; they have disappeared almost entirely. The only class of hunting that there is any show for at all, when the first fall of snow arrives, is the cotton tail, or ordinary gray rabbit. They are fairly numerous, and a good many take advantage of this kind of sport on a bright crisp winter's day, after a fresh fall of snow, when

the tracks are plainly seen, and with gun and ferret generally bag a few. Coon hunting also gives quite an evening's entertainment, but I don't think it is indulged in to any great extent.

In the spring of the year, as soon as the ice is out of the river, the muskrats make their appearance. In the middle of the day, if it's a good sunny one, they come out to feed, and are quite plentiful, and are



THE SIBBALD RESIDENCE, SHOWING THE CHAMBERLAIN COTTAGE

well worth an hour or so of sport. But it takes a quick eye and a good knowledge of the muskrats' habits to secure any number of them. Again, noon hour is not to be compared to just after sunset, when they come out by the dozens, sometimes quite close under your feet. In fact, the very great number of them bewilders one, and altho you might catch sight of half a dozen at once, in your uncertainty which to shoot at you

the winter months, their nests and feeding grounds being readily noticed. Their fur is of commercial value, and as such the hunting of them becomes in a nature a business. In the same connection may be mentioned that both mink and skunk are also trapped, the latter being the more plentiful, altho a considerable number of mink are seen in this locality at different times during the year, but they are sly rascals to

what do we tell for the followers of Isaac Walton in the cool retreats of the silvery Credit, or in the muddy bed of the mill-pool? Black bass of fair size, catfish, suckers, chubs, shiners and eels would about fill the bill, and those who have the patience to angle for the finny tribe may possibly not return home unrewarded. A favorite place of an early summer evening is just opposite Mr. Henry Brown's house, between that and



RESIDENCE OF F. J. JACKSON.

may miss them all, for they disappear like a flash. To illustrate this, one day last spring there were all of six persons between the dam and the mill blazing away, and yet only two muskrats were bagged, tho they were plentiful enough. It's exhilarating sport while it lasts, and possesses more of the true quality of sporting than many another form of hunting. The muskrat is also trapped considerably, this more during

catch.

Foxes are few. In the rear of the Gooderham farm there is a ravine that has been the abode of foxes for years, and there are some there yet. In Mr. Holly Gooderham's time considerable hunting of foxes was done in this very spot. This about ends all that there is to shoot in this neighborhood, outside of hawks, pigeons, crows and squirrels.

Passing from hunting to fishing,

the chopping mill. Perhaps one reason for this spot being chosen may be its convenience. Yet it will hardly do to say that, for have we not heard of the wonderful eels that have been fished up from the depths of this famous spot? In speaking of fishing and shooting we have about covered this class of sport.

Turning now to sport more as an amusement, we find that football



RESIDENCE OF S. REEVES.

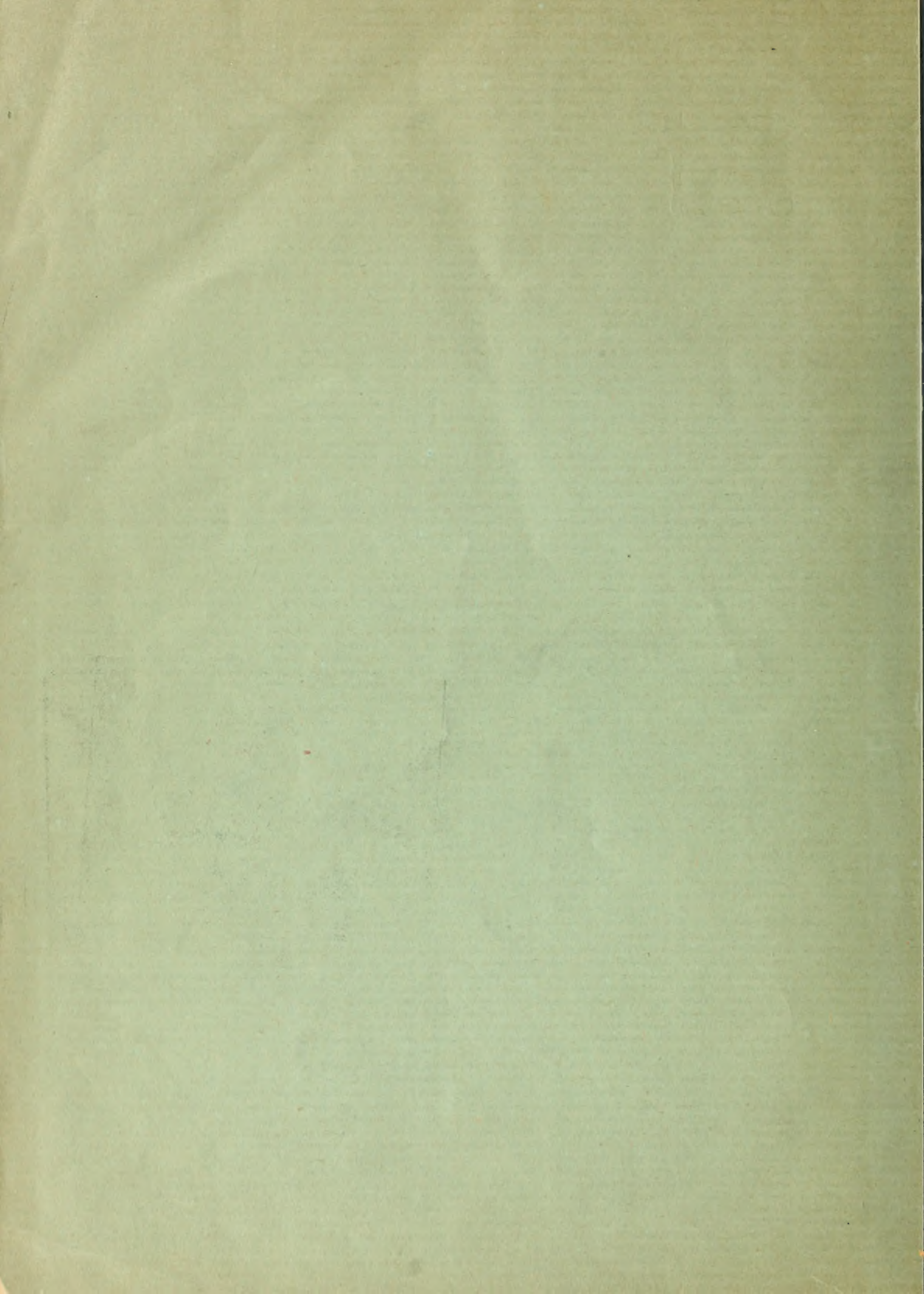
has always held sway in this little village. Quoits (horse shoes) have passed many a summer's evening merrily away. The spot for this game is just at the back of the store outside the fence. The big elm tree that stands directly along by the sidewalk forms the vantage ground of one side of the play. Football is played in Mr. Sig. Reeves' flat or

in the square between the store and the mill. It's just possible that there are other villages that enjoy just the same privileges as Meadowvale, and it's not with any degree of boasting that they are spoken of, but just to show what does go on and where such games take place. In closing this line of thought concerning the village one must not forget the fact

that there is good skating on the pond at times, especially in the evenings when the bonfires are lit, and it's worthy of notice that this winter, which has been the severest on record for 60 or 70 years, altho plenty of ice, there was less skating than in former years.



METHODIST CHURCH AND PUBLIC SCHOOL



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A souvenir of the
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